

# My best memory

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I remember it well... It was a fabulous February day. I took a glance at the clock on my bedside table and I saw it was only 6: 30am, just as I realized the time I realized with a shock that it was also the day of the Co. Clare horse and pony show, my first show ever. I looked to my door to see my beige jodhpurs, cream shirt and my brand new tweed jacket hanging there. Just as I was admiring them the phone interrupted my thoughts with its urgent ring, and that's where it all started. I ran downstairs to answer the phone. When I picked up the receiver I heard a woman's voice, I knew it was Mary Quinn, she had phoned to tell me what events I had been entered into. She and her husband Noel owned Sarah, the pony I would be riding and jumping on at the show. Anyway Mary told me that she'd entered me in the starter stakes and the 133cms working hunter. She asked me if that was OK but I couldn't answer, I was standing there thinking, I knew I could do the starter stakes, the jumps were quiet low but I never thought I could do the working hunter. Just as I was about to refuse Mary's voice came on the line again and she said " I have to go now by" and she hung up. I stood still for a moment but then remembered that I couldn't exactly go to the show in my pajamas. I ran upstairs and when Mum, Dad and I were finally ready we set off in the car for the hour-long journey to Ennis. When we arrived we parked next to Noel and Mary's car and horsebox. Then I saw Sarah. My pony was dapple grey in colour and I had never seen her look so beautiful with plaits in her mane and tail, all her tack polished for the big day and her hooves shone like silver and gold. I ran over and sprang on to the saddle. As I walked Sarah towards the ring I nearly fell off her in a faint, the jumps were huge. I looked

back to say that I couldn't do it but when I saw the smiling faces of Mam, Dad, Mary and Noel I knew I couldn't let them down now. I was fourth to...